

# The Intelligencer.

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I. G. NEALE - Business Manager

We must protect the coal barons, who charge such fancy prices for coal. These barons pay little girls three cents an hour for night work in the mines.

While we rejoice to hear that the snow is making us a big wheat crop for next year, we live in dread of hearing the old story that the fruit crop has been killed.

The senate has ratified a treaty of friendship with Spain. But Spain must not get too darned friendly, and kill a lot of our sailors, as she did in the Virginus case, and in blowing up the Maine.

Charles Perkins, of Avilla, Mo., won a prize, a buggy valued at \$175, offered for the best half bushel of corn raised in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa or Nebraska. Twenty-one ears of corn weighed 35 pounds. Each ear was perfect.

The Prince of Monaco will disband his army by next July. This will hardly flood the country with idlers, as the whole army consists of only thirty-two men. Now let Russia, France, Germany and the United States cut down their large standing armies.

If little South American republics think that they can borrow English or German money and not pay, and that the United States will protect them from chastisement, they are likely to be mistaken. We do not allow foreign nations to acquire territory for permanent holding; but we do allow them to collect the debts due them, and to trash the fellows who refuse to pay.

Castro, president of Venezuela, says the bombardment of Puerto Cabello was cowardly, and an insult to all civilized nations, as the British and Germans gave no warning of their intentions, and there was no time to get the women and children to places of safety. This indictment is pretty bad; but the action of the allied powers was intended to teach Castro that "two hours" does not mean "two days." The Spanish are opposed to doing anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow. "Manana" does not go with the men who hold the whip.

The omnibus bill now before the senate of the United States is a bill to admit Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico as states. There is considerable opposition, some senators being in favor of part of the bill and opposed to part. The bill passed the house at the last session. If the senate makes any amendment, it will have to go back to the house, where it would probably be again amended or killed. The main feature of the fight on the present bill is whether or not Oklahoma ought to be admitted without including the Indian Territory. Many of the people of Oklahoma want the territory included, and many more are violently opposed to that move. If local issues were eliminated, Oklahoma would be democratic. By admitting her now, two republican senators would be chosen.

Some time ago the lower house of congress abolished the saloon in their end of the capitol building. The supposition is that the members immediately became patrons of the bar in the senate end of the capitol, generally called the senate saloon. Since the abolition of the house bar the house members have claimed a virtue they possessed not, and have taunted the senate for not getting rid of its saloon. The house went so far as to pass an immigration bill, and to tack on a proviso to abolish the senate saloon. Now the senate is seriously considering the matter of passing the bill, and the house is worked up. If the bill passes congressmen will have to go outside the building for their booze. The senate enjoys the anxiety of the house, and will probably pass the bill for spite. But it is a national disgrace that booze of any kind should be sold in the capitol. Let the members carry bottles if they cannot get along an hour or so at a time without their drinks. A casual reader would think, from reading the speeches on this subject, that the states had sent their drunkards to Washington to make laws, instead of sending them to inebriate asylums.

## Christmas.

Christmas is coming. Before the INTELLIGENCER visits you again that day of days will have come and gone. We extend to all our friends and patrons sincere wishes for their health and happiness, and hope that each one may live to enjoy many happy returns of the joyous season.

All Sunday schools of our city are preparing to give the children some kind of entertainment. These entertainments vary, from the old Christmas tree to an elaborate cantata, but all have the same object in view: to impress on the minds of the rising generation the fact that Jesus came into the world as a little child; that He was the Son of God; that He lived a perfect life, and in His death made atonement for the sins of all who believe in Him.

We have recently read some learned essays denouncing the "Santa Claus" stories which children love to hear. We are not inclined to endorse any attack on Santa Claus. Let the children have a good time. A tin whistle from Santa is more to the average boy than a suit of clothes would be from his parents.

Let us enjoy the holidays to the utmost, and the way to enjoy them most is to "make some other heart rejoice." May every family in this broad land of ours receive a visit from the old saint, and may peace, happiness and plenty abound in every household is the wish of the INTELLIGENCER.

## A LEAD PIPE CINCH.

The innocent tax-payer gets it in the neck every time he goes up against the innocent bond-holder. Many years ago the people of St. Clair county issued bonds for a few thousands of dollars to be used in building a railroad. The road was not built, but the bonds were sold and somebody pocketed the money. The bonds were fought in every court in the state, and were almost worthless when John B. Henderson bought up all he could find. He sued on them in United States district courts, got judgment, and for more than a quarter of a century the people of the county have been harassed, their county judges in jail, the county business neglected, their lands depreciated in value, and all the time a ten per cent judgment was eating them up. A dispatch from Kansas City tells how the judgment is kept alive and the interest compounded every seven years. The dispatch says:

A new judgment, which included the renewal of an old one with accrued interest, added, was rendered against St. Clair county, Missouri, in the United States circuit court this morning. The judgment was in favor of John B. Henderson, Jr., of Virginia, and was for \$551,013.

This judgment originally was for \$169,000 against the county in 1873 and drew 10 per cent interest from that time up until now, and will continue to draw 10 per cent interest until paid.

The judgment, unless renewed, would run out in ten years, and so the holders of it go into court each seven years and have the original judgment renewed or revived, and the interest added to it, and a new judgment rendered for the whole. By this process the accrued interest becomes incorporated with the principal and draws interest, too.

This particular judgment was originally in favor of Gen. John B. Henderson, but he transferred it to his son, John B. Henderson, Jr. The last previous judgment in this case was entered May 17, 1896. It was for \$334,079. Mr. Henderson petitioned the court recently to have a new judgment entered in the case.

The trusts have been robbing the south and west for years, and the east made no complaint. It was even deaf to the complaints of those who suffered. Now there is a little shortage in the supply of coal in the east, and those cold-blooded yanks are howling for a removal of the tariff on coal. How it does make a yank squirm to touch his pocket. Let the west and south howl about being robbed by trusts, and not a groan of sympathy can be heard. We feel sorry for the poor; but if we had the power to make the rich easterners "cough up" they would pay stiff prices for all their luxuries.

The German and British cruisers bombarded the fortress at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, Saturday evening. It was quickly demolished. A mob had hauled down the British flag from the custom house, and the British demanded immediate satisfaction. President Castro was a little slow in sending his answer, and the bombardment resulted.

# WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

Aye, Thats the Problem.

You can solve the question readily  
by attending the Xmas sale at...

## Lake's Big Store

You can find anything you want, either  
useful or ornamental of us. Get in  
line with the crowd of Xmas Buyers.

T. M. Lake & Sons

Higginsville,

Missouri

### Circuit Court Proceedings.

First Day, Monday, Dec. 1.

Mary U. Downs vs. Mary M. Quarrier; sheriff files report of sale of land.

J. C. Wilkerson et al vs. Elizabeth Wilkerson et al; partition. Judgment for partition and commissioners appointed.

Julius Maring et al vs. Anna Becker et al. Sheriff files report of sale.

State ex rel Allen vs. E. W. Holland, administrator; reappraise real estate; judgment for plaintiff for \$650.00.

Edward Aull vs. W. B. Schmitz; foreclosure partnership; judgment by default—partnership dissolved.

W. B. Weedon vs. Maggie Hupman; attachment; judgment by default for plaintiff for \$354.00 and interest.

Second Day, Tuesday, Dec. 2.

W. S. Dornblaser et al vs. G. A. Chamblin et al; bill of exceptions filed.

Geo. Webb v. Geo. Schwartz, ejectment; judgment for plaintiff for possession, and \$6 per month for rent.

Carlton Dry Goods Co. vs. Wm. Gardner, et al; account; judgment for plaintiff for \$18.20 and costs.

Third Day, Wednesday, Dec. 3.

Henry Clay vs. James Strodman; appeal from J. P. court; continued by consent.

Fourth Day, Thursday, Dec. 4.

Anna E. H. Fowl vs. Robt. S. Calven, stipulation filed; judgment for plaintiff for \$1,000.

Walter Korb vs. C. & A. R. R. Co. damages; defendant files petition for removal of cause to western district of Missouri.

John Wood vs. J. F. Harris, note; dismissed and costs paid.

Edward Sharp vs. Geo. Evans et al; change of venue; stipulation filed, and cause continued.

Fifth Day, Friday, Dec. 5.

Frank S. Nipper vs. Mo. Pac. R. R. appeal from J. P. court; judgment for plaintiff for \$5 and costs.

Ed. Black vs. H. F. Moeblensted et al attachment; dismissed as per stipulations.

John E. Gilmore vs. Robt. E. Lee, appeal from J. P. court; continued at cost of defendant.

Sixth Day, Saturday, Dec. 6.

Sarah E. Davidson et al vs. W. W. Atkins and City of Lexington; injunction; judgment for defendant; plaintiff files motion for new trial; overruled and appealed to supreme court.

Seventh Day, Monday, Dec. 8.

Edward Holmes et al vs. Dover Coal Co.; suit to establish title; nonsuit taken by plaintiff.

Eighth Day, Tuesday, Dec. 9.

Margaret Clark vs. Thomas Welton, damages; case compromised and dismissed at cost of defendant.

Forest L. Shelby vs. James H. Porter, note; judgment by default for \$212.68 with 8 per cent interest compounded.

Ninth Day, Wednesday Dec. 10.

Elmira Meng vs. S. L. Pile, appeal from J. P. court; verdict for defendant; motion for new trial filed.

Kemper Grains Co. vs. J. M. Redd, account; plaintiff takes nonsuit.

Tenth Day, Friday Dec. 12.

Soodler Hausman Millinery Co. vs. Mrs. Beatrice Wenger, attachment; cause

continued by consent.

Arthur Short vs. Mo. Pac. R. R. damages; verdict for defendant; plaintiff files motion for new trial.

Thirteenth Day, Dec. 15.

T. M. Chinn vs. C. & A. R. R. bill of exceptions filed.

Elizabeth Wilkey vs. Lexington Coal Co. damages; continued at cost of plaintiff.

Isaac Avitt vs. C. & A. R. R. damages; continued.

Fourteenth Day, Dec. 16.

Lydia J. Porter vs. Mo. Pac. R. R. Judgement for \$2,500 for plaintiff.

Jas. T. Robinson vs. Daniel G. Doty; stipulations filed; judgement for plaintiff for \$400 and costs.

Fred W. Drewell vs. Mo. Pac. R. R. damages; continued by consent.

Laura S. Lewis vs. city of Higginsville damages; judgment as per stipulation.

Mrs. Susan M. Hammer.

Mrs. Susan M. Hammer, widow of the late Charles Hammer, died at Odessa Tuesday night, December 16, aged about 60 years. She was a daughter of the late Dr. Mitchell, and was born and reared in this county. She was a sister of Mrs. Jane Howe, of this city; of David L. Mitchell, of Hobart, Oklahoma, and of John Mitchell, of Arkansas. She joined the Methodist church in her early girlhood, and lived a consistent Christian life. About a year ago her husband, Charles Hammer, died and left her a lonely widow, their children having all crossed over into the promised land. The body was buried at Wellington Thursday; the spirit has gone home where there is no more sorrow or parting.

The Only Guaranteed Kidney Cure is Smith's Sure Kidney Cure. Your druggist will refund your money if after taking one bottle you are not satisfied with results. 50 cents. For sale by Chas. W. Loomis. 6-28a6

At a meeting of Lexington Aerle 243, Fraternal Order of Eagles, held at K. of P. hall Wednesday night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Louis Gratz, past worthy president; James Connors, worthy president; Lee Hopper, worthy vice-president; Julius Wikler, chaplain; John T. Bell, worthy conductor; William Cavanaugh, inside guardian; Harry Blea, outside guardian; Ernest Ferguson, secretary; Pat Fagan, treasurer; M. Englehart, trustee, for three years.

A farmer near Carthage, Mo. sowed a 17-acre field last fall with alfalfa. In June the first crop was harvested yielding two tons to the acre. On July 15 a second crop was gathered, averaging two tons. Sept. 1 third crop was gathered, averaging two tons. At \$8 per ton, the local price now, a gross receipt of \$1,688 from the 17 acres was realized.

When the census enumerators made their rounds they found in the United States 657 boys under 15 years of age who were married. There were 3,785 married girls under 15 years of age. The infant widows number 33, and the infant widows 136. There were 7 divorced boys and 40 divorced girls under 15.

Healthy Kidneys Means Long Life.

If you want to restore your kidneys to their former healthy state take Smith's Sure Kidney Cure—50 cents. For sale by Chas. W. Loomis. 6-28

## NOT THE SAME TAYLOR.

The Admiral "Talked So Poetically About His Work."

"Rear Admiral Henry C. Taylor," said a fellow officer to a New York Tribune reporter, "is a man of infinite capacity for hard work, and his absorbed attention to his duties at the head of the bureau of navigation is in keeping with his long career of activity."

"His strenuous manner of working makes it necessary for him to take vacations occasionally. Shortly after his participation in the destruction of Cervera's fleet he sought an asylum from official exactions, and, accordingly, made his way quietly one Saturday night to a resort which, though fashionable, was not, he felt confident, patronized by navy people. It was rather a favorite rendezvous for literary celebrities, and Admiral Taylor believed he would escape attention."

"To avoid being associated with the navy, and thus spare himself discussion concerning the Spanish war, the admiral registered merely as 'H. C. Taylor, Washington.'"

"It seems that Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, the author, had been expected, and the admiral had scarcely resigned himself wearily to a veranda chair when two young women approached."

"Is this Mr. Taylor?" they asked, jauntily.

"The admiral had to admit that much."

"We're jolly glad you've come," said one of the girls, "the whole hotel has been talking about you."

"Indeed?" responded the admiral.

"And to think you came in so modestly and toned down your fine name to frugal initials," gurgled the other girl.

"The admiral, whose baptismal name is Henry Clay, smiled amiably."

"Tell us," said one of the young women, "what you consider your greatest work?"

"This was a poser for the modest sailor, but before he could evade the issue the other tormentor said:

"I think your finest work was in 'The Land of the Castanet.'"

"I will admit," responded the man who commanded the Indiana at Santiago, "that I had a hand in abridging the land of the castanet."

"But wasn't the plot entirely yours?"

"No, indeed!" laughed the admiral. "It was the work of the board of strategy."

"It was plain that the young women were somewhat dazed, but doubtless concluding that the answer, if fully understood, would disclose picturesque methods of the author's work, ventured further comments."

"In my estimation," said the second young woman, "your greatest triumph was in 'Two Women and a Fool.'"

"Two Women and a Fool," repeated the admiral, believing that he was the hapless victim of a daring though harmless summer resort badinage. "Two Women and a Fool! Yes, that's just about it, young ladies."

"Excusing himself, as well he might, on the score of being greatly fatigued, the admiral retired. Early the next morning he fled."

"What a pity Mr. Taylor has gone so soon," sighed one of the young women to the proprietor. "He talked so poetically about his work!"

"Yes," assented the other. "He gave us such a clear insight into the motif of his romances."

## FLAT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Odd Coincidence That Could Occur Only in a Great City.

Two men who were previously unaware of each other's existence, were brought together at a dinner the other night. Both had lived at one time in California. When it came time to go home, and they had exchanged cards and expressed the customary hope of meeting again, one said:

"Well, I must be going. I've got to travel clear to Manhattan avenue."

"I used to live up that way," said the other. "What's your number?"

"The first man told him."

"That's odd," said the second, "I lived at that number."

"In which apartment?"

"On the second floor."

"That's where I lived."

"Well," said the first, "that's an example of the coincidence I've run against all my life. Where did you move to?"

"I moved one flight up. I'm living right above you now."—N. Y. Sun.

In the German Army.

Before an officer in the German army may marry he is required to notify his superior officer as to his wife's antecedents and the amount of her private income.

## UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE.

How a Gambler's Luck Turned, According to the Curious Lie.

They had been speaking of rather marvelous things in a betting way, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, big winnings and big horses at the various race courses of the country—how they had won and lost fortunes and all that sort of thing.

"That reminds me of John King's story of the bet he made in Ireland," said a member of the group, "and for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with King I want to say he is no myth. John King is a real, live, pulsing man, and his home is in west Tennessee. He is a native of Jackson, but Jackson was too slow for him, and he began to roam around the country. He was never a very poor man except on the occasion which I have in mind, and the wheel of fortune turned the right way for him at a critical moment in his history. I heard him tell the story one night in Memphis when a crowd of fellows had been telling all sorts of marvelous stories about winnings and losses very much like you boys are doing now. As I remember the story, John King told it in this way: 'I was down in my luck,' he said, 'and had gone to the cloth on an old 'skate.' I was racing around at the different tracks. I couldn't win anything. Luck was dead against me. But I kept entering my horse just the same. Well, to drop some of the uninteresting details which lead up to the event, I went to Ireland and entered my old horse for the last time. Of course, I stood no chance to win against some of the horses entered, but I just wanted to see one more run for old time's sake. There were 157 horses in the race. My skate was marked up on the boards at \$1,000,000 to one. I had three between me and the cloth. I put it up, knowing that I would lose it, but just as a matter of sentiment, and to be game, which is every sportsman's ambition, I put up my money just the same. Then I went about my business. I paid no attention to the race. I had gone down to a little ferry to cross the river, and was standing there meditating on the uncertainty of things earthly when a fellow came rushing up to me. He said it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. I asked him to wake up, and reminded him that the situation was anything but funny. 'Drop the pipe and wake up,' I said, but he kept laughing. Finally he managed to tell me the story: 'Funniest thing I ever saw,' he said, '156 of those horses got wedged in between the fence and the railing and couldn't move a hoof. They were jammed like sardines in a box. Behind there was an old 'skate' galloping along at a snail's pace. Well, sir, when he got to that crowd of horses he just jumped over 'em, kept on around the track, galloped in under the wire and won the money. And think of it—he was selling at 1,000,000 to 1.' I ruined the seat of my pants kicking myself, but it just shows you how a man's luck will run. There I was with my horse winning at last, and I only had \$3 up on him. Hardest luck I ever had. 'Once more for a night-cap,' said a cadaverous-looking chap as he rolled two kings out of the box, and in a short while the veracity club had closed the session."

## THIRTY-TWO HATS.

Were Among the Personal Baggage of One Woman Traveler.

A lady traveling by the Ostend express train de luxe arrived recently at the customs station at Passau, says the London Daily Telegraph, and attracted the special attention of the customs officer by the enormous number of her trunks and boxes. She is a Viennese dame living in London. The official had passed almost everything when he perceived a long box, and asked what was in it. "Only hats, but nothing liable to duty!" "What! Only hats?" said the officer, astounded that so large a case could be used for a lady for nothing but headgear. "Yes, there are 32 of them!" The official was still more astounded. "Thirty-two hats! That is incredible. I must see for myself, please open the case." The lady became excited, and retorted: "Do you think I can get along with only two hats? Why, I have 12 more at home!" The box had to be opened, all the same; and, lo and behold! it turned out to be quite true. There were actually 32 hats, of different kinds, which the elegant and pretty passenger was taking with her for use on her journey. The officer bowed, and asked pardon for the trouble he had caused her.

Sometimes.

The hard-headed man is sometimes an easy mark.—Chicago Journal.